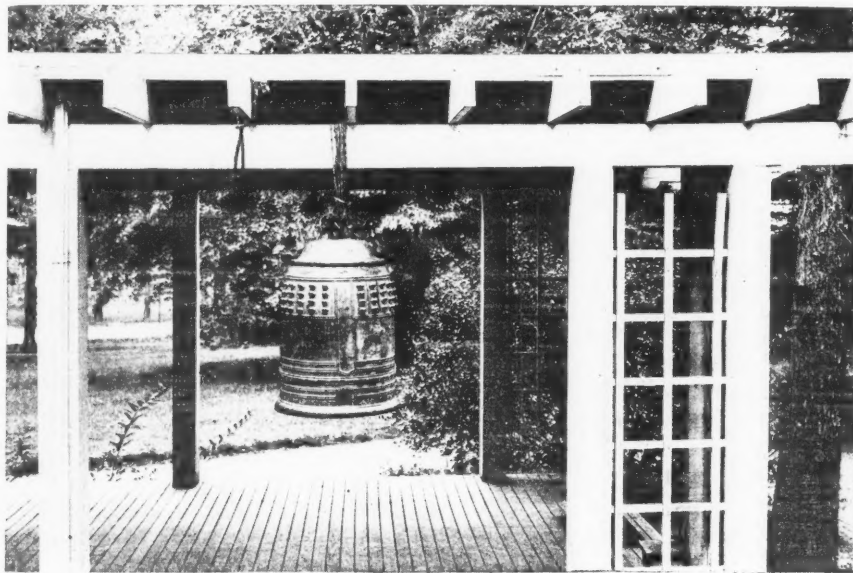
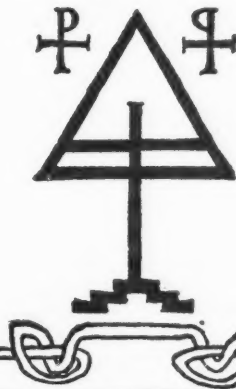


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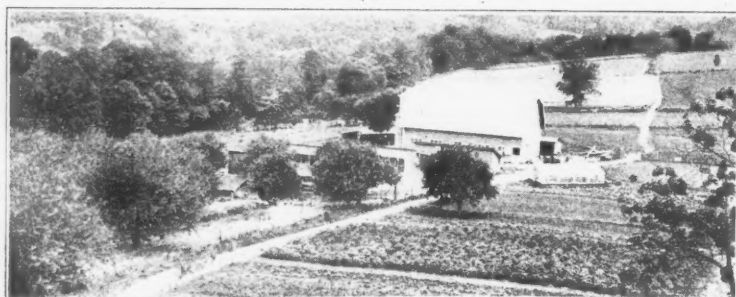
# THE FIELD AFAR



THE DEPARTURE BELL AT MARYKNOLL.  
(Once used in a pagan temple, this bell now announces to American priests the hour of their  
departure to heathen lands.)

VOL. XII. No. 10 ✚ OCTOBER, 1918 ✚ PRICE 10 CENTS

THIS COVER WILL NOT APPEAR NEXT MONTH.



WALK THROUGH THE MARYKNOLL FIELDS.

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America overlooks the Hudson River about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, thirty-five students of philosophy and theology, and ten auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here forty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Priory of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a halfway house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast. A priest and an auxiliary-brother reside there.

The Society received its first assignment—a field in the Province of Kwang-tung, China—in April, 1918. Four priests left New York for this mission field September 8, 1918.

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# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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## THE FIELD AFAR

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

**R**OSARY Month of 1918 will mark the arrival of the first Maryknoll missionaries in China. Don't expect to hear of brilliant results in the immediate future. The seed must die before it can vivify!

Each of these new missioners knows that he must brand on his soul with the white iron of pain the word PATIENCE.

\* \*

**T**HE paper shortage fever—one of the war epidemics—may soon affect THE FIELD AFAR. Uncle Sam is far-seeing and we appreciate his wisdom. He is setting the pace for economic reforms, public and private, which were badly needed in this country. THE FIELD AFAR will soon look a little thinner, but when Uncle Sam finds out that Maryknoll lives by THE FIELD AFAR he will see that it is kept alive and well.

\* \*

**T**HESE are the days when the farmer nails his tallest cornstalk on the weather-beaten barn and the nation's wind-tanned toilers of the soil light their pipes with satisfaction in the knowledge that the harvest is secured against the coming winter. And satisfaction grows to thoughts of thanks to God and the first fruits of the land are offered to Him in gratitude for His bounty.

It is fitting that Maryknoll should make return to God for His countless blessings bestowed upon us and upon His Church in

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America. We have given Him the first fruits of our little band, and in sending them to China as the pioneers of American Catholic endeavor in pagan lands we feel that we are making an offering which will prove acceptable to Him.

\* \*

**E**ASTWARD hundreds of ships are transporting precious cargoes of American manhood to the battlefields of France. In the west a single liner plows its way over the Pacific, bearing a small group of American Catholic missioners to their destined mission field in China.

Both expeditions are significant: both show that America, the land of ideals, is gradually but surely spreading her influence. In Europe she is doing battle for liberty and humanity: in Asia Catholic America is taking up the fight—so courageously carried on for centuries by the Catholic countries of Europe—for all the ideals of Christianity.

The transporting of soldiers will soon cease, for victory shall have crowned sacrifice. The ex-

IS YOUR PATRIOTISM ONE HUNDRED PER CENT?

odus of missionaries, please God, will continue and increase, till the mass of China and the whole pagan Orient is leavened and transformed by the teaching of Christ.

\* \*

**E**DITORIAL comment on foreign missions is still rare in American Catholic papers, but the *Western Watchman* is living up to its name and writes of the Maryknoll Mission Field:

*Yeong-kong and Lo-ting* were unheard of yesterday. Today they are known to every well-wisher of Maryknoll the world over. These are the only two cities of any size in the field of souls lately assigned for cultivation by the Holy See to the young American Foreign Mission College. In mid-September less than a squad of American horticulturists supernatural, the first graduates of the new experiment station on the Hudson for foreign plant culture, will set out for China strong in the conviction that the "Flowery Kingdom" is symbolic of the things to come. Success, blessings, to the proto-missioners from a nation whose sons and daughters we fondly hope will teach spiritual liberty also to the world as the children of no other land ever have done!

\* \*

**S**IGNS are not wanting that when this war ceases—and every human struggle has its end—interest in foreign missions will be greatly increased.

The war is getting people into the habit of thinking about the whole world; it is stimulating charity; and it has already accustomed families to such great sacrifices that a life-exile for Christ will soon seem comparatively without difficulty.

Governments, including our own, are beginning to strongly encourage great missionary efforts in the Far East and elsewhere. Governments have their own purposes, but the Church may often follow the example they set in their colossal enterprises for the welfare of their respective countries.

The fields of Asia are ripe for a harvest of souls, and, war or no war, it is the duty of Catholics to "teach all nations."

**T**HE earth was large before the war; even Europe seemed far off. But now conceptions have changed. France is merely "across the pond," and once distant Russia and Siberia are to us as familiar neighbors. A voyage to the Philippines or China will soon be a commonplace occurrence.

Steam and electricity—and the needs of men—have drawn the ends of the earth together. Like Alexander, we are tempted to regard it as even too small for our ambitions. Yet enough remains to be done to keep our energies strained for years to come. Two-thirds of the denizens of this "small" globe are ignorant of or indifferent to the truths of the Gospel. What a work for the ambitions of the soldiers of Christ!

\* \*

**I**N the present crisis one feature which inevitably strikes the intelligent observer is the almost complete disregard of personal interests. Home and business ties are freely severed; even life itself is generously sacrificed, in a splendid exhibition of spontaneous patriotism which will be the wonder and the edification of future generations.

With this recognition of the precedence and superiority of ideals comes a broadening of spirit. The world breathes more easily, as though it had found itself. And in the face of public opinion is vindicated the age-old practice of Mother Church in calling upon her children to leave home and country to carry into strange lands the supreme ideal of the Kingdom of God.

\* \*

**MARYKNOLL MISSION NEEDS.**  
 Personal support (food, clothing, and service) for one missionary for one year .....\$200  
 Catechist (house-rent, food, travel, supplies) for one year.....\$180  
 Tuition, board, and clothing for a Chinese student for the priesthood, for one year ....\$100  
 West River Hostel, a house large enough to accommodate passing missionaries, with assembly-room and chapel .....\$500

*"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations, and then shall the consummation come."*

—St. Matt. xxiv. 14.

**A**PRIEST living near Baltimore has sent an editorial clipping from the *Baltimore American*, from which we quote these sentences, interesting as coming from a Protestant source:

Christianity is essentially a missionary propaganda. "Go ye into all the world and preach My gospel to every creature," was the command given by Jesus to His disciples. When churches lose their missionary enterprise they languish; when the Church as such shall lose its power of witness to all nations, it will die. This can never be.

The scattering of believers in the early days brought about the widespread propagation of the gospel of Jesus. This scattering was partly through persecution and partly through wars. In every case the Christian believer was under the persuasion of the words of his Master to go into all the world and preach His gospel to every creature. So that the hardship of being torn from friends and family and from homeland was lessened through the thought that in this way he might be made a preacher of the truth to those who were in darkness.

The founder of Methodism had as his slogan, "The world is my parish." He lived up to it, and Methodism is today a worldwide form of the Christian religion. The most consistent and remarkable instance of the missionary spirit in the nature of the case is found in the Roman Catholic Church, that has never lost an iota of its allegiance to the great commission of the Founder of the faith.

Does not the minister, viewing the ever-increasing number of service stars in the flag of his local church, reflect upon the fact that he has a part of his parish in France, in England, in Russia, in Asia? . . . . .

Who can possibly foretell the tremendous power of religious propaganda present in the dispersion of the flocks of the American pastors over the face of Europe and Asia? A deep sense of missionary service is taking hold of the ministry.

Any church that misses its great opportunity today to carry out the mandate of the Master to go into all the world, along with the armed warriors for the truth, will write its demise upon the parchment of a slacker.

IN THIS WAR SOME ARE GIVING LIVES;

## THE CARDINAL OF THE MISSIONS.

A FRIEND to a struggling work is a friend indeed. The late Cardinal Farley was such to Maryknoll and Maryknoll will hold his memory in benediction.

When the organizers of the American Foreign Mission Seminary had decided that a location not far from the metropolis of New York would be most desirable as its center, national and international, they were strongly encouraged to approach Cardinal Farley because of His Eminence's well-known love for foreign missions.

They did so, at the Catholic University in Washington, and without a moment's hesitation his arms opened wide in a welcome that has never for a moment relaxed in warmth.

With every stage in the development of this young work Cardinal Farley was familiar. He watched its growth as the parent does the unfolding of a son's life, and the founders of Maryknoll, coming to New York as strangers, soon realized that they were at home in their father's house.

Maryknoll was the Benjamin of His Eminence. He spoke of it with deep concern. He made known to Rome his own constant interest in its welfare. When others waited till it should prove itself he realized the diffi-

culty of beginnings and almost immediately gave to it, from a comparatively slender income, its first foundation,

*The Cardinal Farley Burse.*

When a "favorable" bishop was required to take title for Maryknoll's first priest Cardinal Farley assumed the responsibility; and in countless other ways, though always mindful that the Catholic Foreign Mission Society was a national work, he showed as much attachment to it as if it were exclusively diocesan.

Maryknoll mourns, therefore, a good friend; but is comforted in the thought that it will have another intercessor.

One of Cardinal Farley's last outings was passed here, on a perfect day in July, and none who met him then will forget the peace and happiness that he radiated.

On the occasion of an ordination a few years ago His Eminence sent, through Bishop Hayes, the message that when Maryknoll's first priests should leave for China he would chant his *Nunc Dimittis*. The first four left Maryknoll September 7, and Cardinal Farley departed this life within ten days.

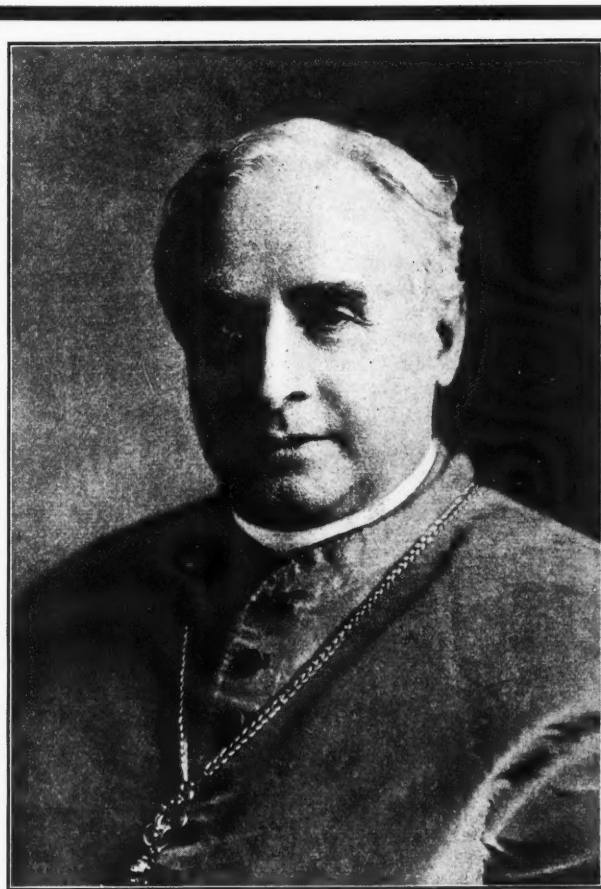
We know that our readers will pray for the soul of His Eminence, and that a host of missionaries all over the world will add to the suffrages of American Catholics their own and those of their flocks,—for he was truly the *Cardinal of the Missions*.

*"Now O Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word."*

*"For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."*

*"Which Thou hast prepared in sight of all nations."*

*"A light to enlighten the gentiles: and the glory of Thy people Israel."—Cantic of Simeon.*



OTHERS SHOULD SUPPLY FUNDS—THE SINEWS.

### The Departure.

MARYKNOLL has had its first Departure. The four Maryknoll priests, whose photograph appeared in the September issue, are far from these hills and moving westward as we write.

The date set for their leaving was September 7, the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A portion of the previous day was spent in Scranton, where they said good-by to all at the Vénard (Maryknoll's preparatory school) and to Bishop Hoban.

That evening they appeared in the sanctuary of the Scranton Cathedral. It was the First Friday and Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament was in progress during the Holy Hour. When Benediction had been given Bishop Hoban made a public farewell to the four missionaries. From an account of this which appeared in local papers we quote:

"Tonight will be historical in the annals of the Scranton diocese," said the Bishop. "We are gathered here to honor and say good-by to these men who have dedicated their lives to spreading the Gospel in far-off China.

"America stands in the forefront in the eyes of China today. No longer can France, Germany, Italy, poor Belgium and Spain send mission priests to the Orient. The Chinese of today understand what is back of the great American ideals and they greatly respect and honor a mission priest from the States.

"It is noteworthy that just four hundred years after the first missionary efforts of the great missionaries of the past—the intrepid Francis Xavier and his confrères—began the conquest of Asia for Christ, America should send forth her first band of priests to that very portion of China—Canton—which Francis Xavier aimed to evangelize. St. Francis died gazing on the field he was never to reach. These American priests will continue his work, animated by his zeal for souls and anxious, if need be, to offer life itself in witness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"These men do not go away as military soldiers, to fight the foe for liberty and democracy, but as soldiers in Christ's army under the banner of Christianity. They go away with the

apostolic spirit, confidence in God, love of Jesus Christ, and willingness to die if necessary to carry on Christianity's work among the heathens."

The four travelers remained that night as guests of Bishop Hoban, who generously accompanied them the next morning to their train, that he might bid them a final God-speed and reveal to the end the fatherly interest which he has so constantly shown.

A disappointment awaited them at New York when it was learned that the spiritual father and protector of Maryknoll, Cardinal Farley, could not even be made acquainted with the fact of their departure.

On July 4 of this year, when His Eminence spent the day at Maryknoll, it was arranged that the first departure should be in the great Cathedral of New York, that he himself would preside, and that a bishop should preach, because the occasion would be historical.

Then came illness and the shadow of death, and knowing that however the tide turned His Eminence could not be present, it was decided to have our Ceremony of Departure in our own little chapel.

Still, we had hoped that the gentle Cardinal could place his venerable hands upon the heads of our apostles in benediction. He could not, but he brightened when he heard that they were about to leave, and murmured, "Tell them that I bless them."

So the four came swiftly back to Maryknoll, where they found a Lady Bountiful from the Maryknoll Auxiliary of New York, who had brought so many things for the Mission that another box had to be packed and sent down to the station.

The evening meal was earlier than usual on that delightful September day, and the refectory, recently enlarged, almost bulged

with priests, seminarians, Vénard seniors, and auxiliaries. The hens had sacrificed their all and the cornstalks had given up their ears.

A few friends—we should rather call them relatives—had learned of the anticipated Departure date (it was to have been six days later, on the twelfth) and dropped in,—among them Monsignor Dunn, Fr. Bruneau, S.S., Fr. Cashin, Chaplain Caruana, Fr. Cyril, O.P., and Dr. Phelan, our history professor.

The new missionaries were radiant as they looked over the little sea of heads out upon the glistening water of the Hudson and to the accompaniment of four-score male voices sat down to the last supper at Maryknoll.

Speeches were few and brief. Monsignor Dunn expressed his regret that multitudes, and above all the beloved Cardinal, could not be present; and Fr. Bruneau brought greetings from St. Mary's, Baltimore, which is represented at Maryknoll by two of the departing missionaries and several students.

It was growing dusk as all adjourned into the open for a half-hour of recreation before the Departure Ceremony should begin; and nobody seemed excited during that period except the Maryknoll treasurer, who suddenly learned from the purse-bearer that he needed six to eight hundred dollars to get the four apostles over to San Francisco. Some thinking and scraping saved the occasion, and ten minutes later the simple ceremony began.

The call to chapel was given by the solemn tolling of a large bronze bell, fully a hundred years old, that once served to summon Buddhist pilgrims in Japan to a pagan shrine. The sound was far from agreeable, but all who heard it realized that it signalled the hour for American Catholic priests to carry the Gospel of

WHEN

YOU

HELP

THE

GOVERNMENT



Jesus, the Son of God, to the heart of heathendom; and silently the eighty-odd dwellers at Maryknoll, and a score of friends, filed into and soon crowded the Seminary chapel.

There was no organ prelude, and no outburst of song. As the bell stopped tolling a little procession filed out of the sacristy—two acolytes, the master of ceremonies, the four missionaries in cinctured cassocks without surplices, and the Maryknoll Superior.

The antiphon of the Benedictus—*In viam pacis*—was begun and the beautiful canticle of Zachary followed. The words were strikingly impressive that night—

*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people. . . .*

*For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.*

*To give knowledge of salvation to His people unto the remission of their sins. . . .*

*To enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. . . .*

The versicle caught up the spirit:

*Show to us Thy paths, O Lord—God hath given His angels charge over thee, that they may keep thee in all thy ways.*

And the usual prayers of the *Itinerarium*, which our holy Mother the Church has composed for her travelling children, seemed especially significant.

At the close of the *Itinerarium* the Superior of Maryknoll addressed the missionaries, referring to the importance of their work and its timeliness.

He reminded them that they are the pioneers and on trial before the Catholic world—soldiers of Christ, as yet unknown, un-

tested, and in some respects lightly esteemed, as were the soldiers of the Nation before their appearance in Europe; that they have yet to prove that faith, humility, self-denial, and zeal are not lacking in the American priesthood.

He pointed out their duties—their own personal sanctification; their reliance on Providence and careful use of whatever money should be sent to them; their love for the crucified and patient Christ; their devotion to the Holy Ghost as the source of light and strength, to Mary Immaculate, and to their particular patrons; their loyal union with the Society that is sending them forth.

He assured them of constant prayers, of keen interest and brotherly coöperation in their accomplishments as in their trials.

Immediately after the Superior's address the four missionaries



THE FIRST DEPARTURE OF MISSIONERS FROM MARYKNOLL.  
(Fr. Price, the Superior of the Mission, is descending the steps, where our Chinese celestial twins may also be observed.)

YOU HELP OTHERS AND YOURSELF AS WELL.



read in his hearing their *Propositum*, a purpose to remain for life in the service of the Society, and each received a Missioner's Crucifix. As the *Veni Creator* began, the *Pax* was given by the Superior to each of the missioners, before whom then filed priests, students, and auxiliaries, in turn receiving the kiss of peace in a farewell embrace.

Those who were privileged to witness this ceremony will not soon forget the experience of joy mingled with sorrow as they watched the greetings and heard the refrain of the *Departure Hymn*, the same that Charles Gounod composed for the Paris Seminary:

*Go forth, farewell for life, O  
dearest brothers;  
Proclaim afar the sweetest Name  
of God.*

*We meet again one day in Heaven's  
land of blessings;*

*Farewell, brothers, farewell!*

The exultant tones of the *Magnificat* recalled the prophecy that all generations shall call blessed the Immaculate One, and as her little group of missioners, now surpliced in white, knelt before the throne of Jesus and received the Benediction the peace of Christ fell upon all present.

A few moments later the chapel was emptied, and a joy of reaction climaxed in rousing cheers as two automobiles which had brought friends circled out of the Maryknoll compound, bearing Maryknoll's first four missioners onto the highway that leads to the great metropolis.

Monsignor Dunn and Dr. Flagg, two Maryknoll intimates, went with them to the Pennsylvania terminal, where Monsignor Dunn's assistant, Fr. Boehles, was waiting, and by midnight they were on their way to Baltimore.

From the latest letter en route at this writing we quote:

Fr. Price preached at the Cathedral in Baltimore. The Cardinal was very cordial—so was the Apostolic Delegate.

We had a good rest on the train after leaving Washington. Today we spent in Cincinnati. Went to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. Saw the Archbishop and he was very much interested. Went to Notre Dame Convent and Fr. Price talked there. Now our train leaves in 5 minutes for St. Louis.

We are all well and happy and would not trade places with any one in the world.

Yours in Christ,

### Notes.

To the new Bishop of Duluth, Rt. Rev. John B. McNicholas, O.P., Maryknoll owes much that will perhaps never be recorded. We congratulate Duluth on its acquisition of so apostolic a shepherd, and we offer to Bishop McNicholas every possible good wish.

Fr. Paul Sibers, a representative of the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions, came to America in the early summer to find in Canada and among French-speaking Americans recruits for the mission fields. A recent letter from Fr. Sibers brings encouraging news and it is quite possible that Paris will yet have its branch in Canada.

An excellent service has been rendered in the publication of *Christ's Life in Pictures*, by the Rev. George A. Keith, S.J. The title describes the book, which is made up entirely of good reproductions from paintings more or less well known, with an appropriate text under each. Pictures and texts have been carefully selected, and the result is a striking presentation of the main facts of our Redeemer's life. The book is attractively printed by the Extension Press, Chicago.

*As the best use we can make of a gift is to share it with others, so it is true that they who communicate faith to those who do not possess it find therein the best preservative of faith in themselves.—Rt. Rev. John J. Nilan, Bishop of Hartford.*

### Stories From The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations.  
Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

The following pathetic romance is from *The Catholic Citizen*:

A certain rich man did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church when the offering was being taken up, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the bag. The millionaire shook his head. "I never give to missions," he whispered. "Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen."

One of the sessions at the Catholic Educational Convention held recently in San Francisco was devoted to "fostering the missionary spirit in our schools." Perhaps at no other session was the attendance so large, and surely at no other was there a keener interest manifested.

The pastor of one of the largest and most flourishing Catholic schools in San Francisco, after promising to introduce a foreign mission periodical in his school, made an appealing plea for similar practical co-operation from priests, brothers and sisters. He said in part:

There never was a time, perhaps, in the history of the Church, when the world stood in greater need of the Catholic missionary than today. . . .

In response to the call of humanity, America has come forth from the isolation that had made her a land apart. The Sovereign Pontiff has seen fit to raise the status of the Church in America from that of dependency to the dignity of an elder, with all the duties, responsibilities and privileges connected therewith, including missionary endeavor. Thus our country may now extend to other lands the blessings of which she herself has been the beneficiary.

The post-office address for Maryknoll is

OSSINING, N. Y.

### Women's Work in the Missions.

AN apostle-ess of Medical Missions is the energetic Dr. Margaret Lamont, a convert to the Catholic faith, now residing in Shanghai, China. The Maryknoll Superior met Dr. Lamont and her family when he visited Shanghai and was well impressed with her spirit.

Unfortunately, although there must be in China an excellent field for such work as hers, Dr. Lamont has as yet found but little opportunity to exercise her zeal. A Catholic woman doctor is something of a novelty to our confrères in China, and pioneers in any line are usually under suspicion. Dr. Lamont sees widely and well, however, and she is neither discouraged nor hypercritical.

Lately, perhaps because she feels that she must leave her ideas to the next generation, she has brought out a very interesting little pamphlet (for private circulation), entitled

*Twenty Years' Medical Work in Mission Countries.*

It is readable and inspiring, with a closing chapter that outlines *A Rule in Vision* for a congregation of women that shall include doctors, medical students, fully trained nurses, and helpers in medical as well as apostolic work.

We are asking Dr. Lamont to send over the Pacific to Maryknoll a package of these little books for those of our doctor-ess and nurse friends who read these lines with sympathetic interest.

In the next column will be found a letter from Dr. Lamont, who enclosed also the following comment on her work from the Bishop of Szechuan:

I congratulate you on the zeal that you show to extend and develop the work of evangelization; and I can only encourage you to continue the crusade that you have begun, to provide a means of employment at once

social and religious for so many of the girls and young women whom the Great War will force to lead a life of celibacy.

For some decades past the assistance of women, above all of Religious, has been of great value to the missions in carrying on schools, dispensaries, hospitals, and so forth; but the field of labor in the apostolate is an immense one, and up to the present day the work of women as doctors is still to be established.

Accept my most sincere wishes for the success of your projects. I pray God to bestow upon you His richest blessings, for the salvation of many souls and the conversion of pagan peoples.

✠ J. CHOUVALLON, Vic. Ap.

Dr. Lamont writes:

I was delighted to see in a recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR that four medical women have been assisting for a long time at St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore. As two of them are members of the Good Shepherd community this clearly shows that the practice of medicine is not incompatible with the religious life—at least on the missions.

Your correspondent states that one of the above-mentioned Sisters has been at Bangalore twenty-five years, and yet Dr. Agnes MacLaren, an American Catholic woman doctor, and myself have all been in India for some time during the past twenty years and have never discovered our medical Sister and fellow-Catholic. This shows what service the Catholic press is doing, in not only stirring up interest in this matter but also putting like-minded people in touch with one another.

I hope to live to see the day when English-speaking Catholics will no longer be content to take their own summer vacations, to recruit their strength for the work of life, while their missionaries are pursuing their noble toil with weakened physical and mental powers for lack of a very necessary holiday,—and this not because (as Protestants think) their rule prescribes it, or "cruel" Popes and bishops and superiors demand it, but simply because many of them have no branch houses by the sea or in the hills.

Even the Holy Family had many years at lovely Nazareth to a few in Egypt; even the Three Years' Ministry saw quiet days on the Mount of Olives and breezy sails on the Sea of Galilee, not for pleasure or idleness but for the necessary refreshment of mind, soul and body in the beautiful and health-giving spots made by "God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth."

I have often felt that quite unnecessary fault is found with Protestant missionaries for their rest-houses in the hills. They return to the plains like giants refreshed, and in the competition in things secular they have a great advantage over our missionaries who are exhausted by the summer heat. Schools and hospitals require a great deal of physical strength in those who work in them, if the work is to be well done and if the minds of the workers are to be open to new professional ideas.

I think every decent Protestant feels that the Catholic missionaries deserve great admiration for their heroic sacrifices. "But," asks the Protestant, "what sort of people can their friends



THE WHITE CORNETTE IS WELL-KNOWN IN CHINA.  
(Photograph sent by Sisters of Charity, Ningpo.)

AND LIBERTY BONDS IF YOU HAVE THE MONEY.

at home be, to allow such reckless sacrifice of health, when money would pay their fares to some hill station or build them a convent sanatorium?"

The work of some consecrated women in the foreign missions is well portrayed in this graphic account from an Irish Sister of Charity in Chekiang, China.

This is the Sr. Mary who, in an overflow of spiritual love for St. Patrick, wrote in the name of that great apostle to several mission papers in this country, asking for some special need in her China corner. All the sources combined yielded five dollars, and Sr. Mary is ashamed to insult the memory of her patron by attaching his name again to her requests. Perhaps some good Irishman or Irishwoman whose love for St. Patrick is spiritual as well as patriotic will restore the good opinion which Sr. Mary formerly had of the Irish in America.

We have just finished the grand pagan procession of May. The streets have been gorgeously decorated, and the idols, seated in sedan chairs, paraded the town. We were very much flattered one day in the country. The people go crazy over their favorite idol, a very old one with a long white beard, called Soz-da-Chanko. He was being carried through a village, when suddenly the "White Cornettes" appeared. The news spread rapidly. The idol was left standing alone and its bearers and devotees surrounded us while our medicine basket took the principal place for that day!

Lately we have been spending most of our time in pagan villages. There is a movement of conversion on every side, and the "White Sisters" as they call us, armed with a big basket of medicine, get a royal reception. Sometimes it is a funny one. We are told to sit down and then from behind we feel hands pulling our cornettes. The Chinese often ask if they are made of paper. Then our habits are inspected. One man said: "If only their hats were made of red instead of white it would be quite pretty!" Another seized the big rosary we wear and exclaimed with delight, "And you, too, say the O-mi-do!" (a prayer recited by the pagan priest on big black beads certainly very much like ours). Of course we explained that there is a difference, but one old woman persisted, "If I can still say O-mi-do I will become a Christian at once!"

Tea—the inevitable tea—is brought in in a very dirty cup; and then we start in to work. We are invited to visit all the sick. Babies are brought out to us and to many of them we give passports to Heaven. On a second visit we bring with us a catechist, who edges himself in; and little by little the marvelous work of the apostolate begins. Perhaps next year you will be doing the same as we are at present. I hope your Cantonese will be as nice as our Chinese at Wenchow.

The Chinese missions will be well known now. Fr. Walsh's travel letters are so true to life. The last FIELD AFAR just arrived as we were starting out on a missionary journey and I startled our boatman by laughing aloud as I read it. I think he thought I was a bit mad—Chinese literature is for the most part like that known to our ancestors in the "good old days."

Your kindness in sending THE FIELD AFAR to me so regularly is often in my mind, and I should so much like to thank you by getting some new subscribers for it, but that it is impossible here. However, I will aid the American Foreign Mission Society in the only way I can,—by sending my angel babies to plead in Heaven its cause and future works.

For the Ceremony of Departure at Maryknoll, a bell was used that had been formerly rescued from a burning temple.

When in Japan, at a small town near Sendai, the Maryknoll Superior was offered this bell by the resident missionary, for whom it had been purchased. Later, at Yokohama, it was found stored in the hold of the S.S. *Empress of Russia*, and it reached Maryknoll a few weeks before the first missionaries left.

The giver of the bell, a poor missionary, writes urging that it be placed near an outside shrine of the Virgin, where at evening the aspirants will go to chant as at Paris. He adds these descriptive words:

This bell belonged to a Buddhist temple that was burned. The bell was sold and came into my possession. One could stay in Japan a hundred years without finding a similar opportunity to obtain such a bell. I hope that now it will serve to praise her who has crushed the head of the serpent.

## Maryknoll-in-China Needs

### \$200 for the

*personal support (food, clothing and service) of each of four missionaries.*

### \$100 for the

*travel expense of each of four missionaries.*

### \$100 for a year's

*education of each of ten Chinese boys studying for the priesthood.*

### \$15 for the

*monthly upkeep of each of four catechists and their valuable service.*

## A Pocket Suggestion.

THERE is a village on the West River in South China—one of a few on that same great stream that are being entrusted to the Maryknoll missionaries.

This particular village is not large enough for a centre with a resident priest, but every Maryknoller who plans to go inland will probably have to stay over night there.

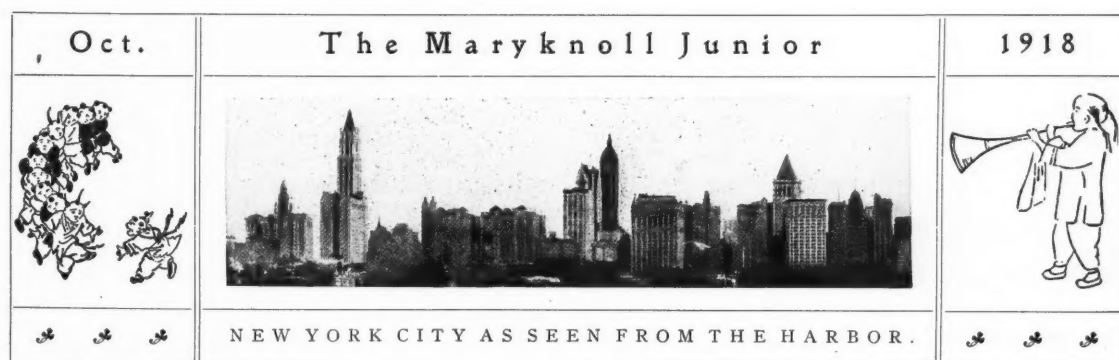
The experienced Bishop of Canton says that we must get at least \$500 and prepare a house to accommodate two missionaries, a catechist, and a boy, and that it should have a common room which can be used for various purposes, including the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

We shall call this place *St. Joseph's Hostel*—if we can get the wherewithal to set it up. Our treasurer, who worries only when he is alone, is looking for a rich uncle or a wealthy aunt,—but his eyesight is poor. Anything from anybody will be welcome for *St. Joseph's Hostel on the West River*. And if any considerable benefactor wishes to be chief patron his tintype will, if desired, decorate the walls.

*A Liberty Bond or a War Savings Stamp is always as acceptable at Maryknoll as any form of money.*

*We must take it, however, at the face value, not at what it will be worth several years from now.*

GIVE YOUR LIBERTY BONDS TO CHARITY.

**DEAR JUNIORS:**

I wish that you had been with me on the evening of September 7, to see the ceremony of Departure in the Maryknoll Chapel. You would have seen four smiling priests before God's holy altar, giving their final kiss of peace to their Maryknoll brothers and to their relatives. You would also have heard the students singing:

*"Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;  
Proclaim afar the sweetest Name of God.  
We meet again one day in Heaven's land of blessings;  
Farewell, brothers, farewell!"*

But if you had been here I am afraid that many of you would have cried. For though the missionaries were smiling as they said good-by, some of us who are no longer boys and girls did not smile. Indeed, in one part of the chapel nearly everyone seemed to have either a bad cold or a touch of hay fever.

Then why, you may ask, were the missionaries smiling? Why were they not sad? How could they leave all so cheerfully?

It was not, dear Juniors, because they love their parents and relatives and friends less; but because they love God more. Do you remember what Jesus, our Saviour, said: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me?"

There are today in China thousands of boys and girls, some just your age, who do not know that there is one true God. They never heard of Jesus and His Sweet Mother, Mary. The Babe of Bethlehem and the Christ of Calvary mean nothing to them. It is for such boys and girls as those, and for the grown folks, too, that our Maryknoll missionaries have gone to China. It is to save their souls, and so to please Jesus, our God.

Will you be helpers in this work, and say every day a "Hail Mary" and a "Glory be to the Father" for the poor heathen souls and for the Maryknoll missionaries? I am sure you will. Ask God to have

mercy on pagan China and let the Chinese boys and girls have, like ourselves, the grace of the True Faith. Your mite of prayer each day will be a source of strength to our missionaries; and when you write to me that you will say it I will notify Maryknoll-in-China.

And perhaps when you send me a promise of prayers, or a letter, or a story you will enclose your picture for my gallery of Maryknoll Juniors.

We are following the plan of which I told you in September, and *your* paper—your *very own* Maryknoll Junior—will be a part of THE FIELD AFAR every month (so that "old folks" may know what we are doing); and then when the war is over it will be reprinted as a separate mission paper for our own selves. It will be cheaper than sugar,—one cent a copy, or ten cents for the entire school year, when at least twenty copies are sent to the same address. And then every boy and every girl will be able to have his or her own Junior to read and to pass to friends, without having to wait until the grown-ups finish THE FIELD AFAR.

—Fr. Chin.

**Every live boy who loves God should read about Théophane Vénard. To know him better is to love God more. His life, "A Modern Martyr," costs only sixty cents.**

What is a dollar bill? Well, one Sister who sent one says it is a sacrifice, made of many lolly-pops and ice cream cones given up by the boys in her class in St. Joseph's Academy, New Jersey.

*Blessed Joseph, guide our missionaries in heathen lands as thou didst guide into Egypt Mary and her Divine Son.*

*Help them to sustain with patience trials of soul and weariness of body. Secure for them abundant grace and whatever material aid they may need to set up tabernacles for Jesus among those who know Him not.*  
(Learn this prayer.)



## Partners.



It was very well for his sister, May Ellen, who had nothing else to think about, to be "pious," but life for Jim Kennedy presented a wider horizon. He was to go to Wall St. and have a magnificent suite of offices, and be pointed out as a money king who, with his partner Jack, could make millions talk.

Fourteen-year-old Jim was dreaming great dreams, for at this very moment was not something big happening for his brother Jack? Down on Cedar St., in the rooms of the Rocky Mountain Metal Company, an election of officers was going on. The Rocky Mountain Metal Co. was the fruit of his dead father's business labors, and now Jack, as a reward for extremely successful work since his father's death a year ago, was to be elected vice-president.

Mr. Marshall had said so, and Mr. Marshall was president of the Company and life-long friend of the elder Kennedy. A bachelor, with no near or needy relatives, he was making the success of Patrick Kennedy's two sons the aim of his existence. John had already entered the field of business, and, guided by his father and Mr. Marshall, at the age of twenty-four had proved himself a satisfactory subject. Jim, though still a boy, was being moulded for a great career, and certainly gave wonderful promise. The Kennedy and Marshall holdings combined controlled the Rocky Mountain Metal Company. John was on the way to the presidency; James would one day take the position next in importance; and the two would be for the rest of their lives what, in spite of the difference in years, they had always been, "partners."

Jim waited eagerly for Jack's return.

It was an important day in the Metal Company's rooms. If Jim could have peeped inside he would have seen a very puzzled board of directors. At first everything had gone according to program. The year's report was highly satisfactory; Mr. Marshall was reelected president. Then John Kennedy had been nominated vice-president, but the directors, as a matter of course turning to John to accept the nomination, perceived him strangely confused, nervously twitching and casting sharp, quick glances at Marshall.

Mr. Marshall relieved the strain. "Yes, gentlemen, Mr. Kennedy will accept the nomination. We will record the—"

"But, Mr. Marshall, I told you this morning what I wanted to do—" stammered Jack.

"Don't be a fool, John!" cried Mr. Marshall, in sudden fury, half rising from his chair. "I told

you what to do—do it! And put that idiotic notion out of your head. You are temporarily demoted, boy!"

Then John lost his confusion. He stood up. "Mr. Marshall, you are trespassing on sacred ground. Gentlemen, Mr. Marshall is the truest friend I have in the world, but he has failed to understand something which is dearer than all the business success to which he has paved the way for me. I gave him my written resignation this morning and asked him to offer it for your approval. Kindly accept it when he presents it, gentlemen, for my decision to leave your pleasant company is made. There is a very, very compelling motive behind it, gentlemen. Good-by and God guide you."

Jim, his face shining like a new dollar, was at the door to meet Jack as he entered the Kennedy home.

"Well, pard, I suppose it is a case of calling you Mr. Vice President after this, isn't it?"

Jack stood for a moment, the door half closed, and smiled—very queerly, Jim thought.

"Why, weren't you elected, Jack?"

"No, Jim, I wasn't elected. I have determined there is something infinitely better for me to do than amass wealth, even were I to use it well when I got it. I am going to be a foreign mission priest, Jim, a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, and go to save souls in China."

"Great guns, Jack! You peddling sermons in Chinese? You've gone looney, Jack!"

But Jack started as if he had been cut with a whip and Jim was sorry he had spoken.

"Oh, no, Jack, you know I—I don't mean you have not well thought out what you are doing, but—well, I guess we shan't be partners after all, shall we, Jack?"



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST MISSIONERS—KEEP THEM IN MIND.  
(Fr. Walsh, Fr. Meyer, Fr. Price, Fr. Ford.)



"No, I guess not, Jim — so far at least as being business partners is concerned. But there is the call to dinner. Let's go, boy."

"So far as being business partners? Say, Jack, you don't think I'd be such a —!"

Though Jim stopped, Jack noted with secret dismay his brother's contempt for his choice of a life work. "Such a fool," Jim was going to say. They all had said that, except May Ellen, his sister, but he did not expect Jim to say it. He had been hoping against hope that Jim would likewise get the grace to abandon these dangerous millions and go with him.

"Dear Jack:

"Just a line before we leave home. Mr. Marshall promised to take Jim to see our silver mines when he was twenty and so, as Jim's twentieth birthday was last Sunday, we are off today for Montana.

"Jim makes me very unhappy, Jack. In the six years since you left home he has become gradually more sullen and impatient, until I no longer dare to advise him. He seems fiendishly wrapped up in business and actually dogs Mr. Marshall's steps, drinking in hour after hour his unending talks on business, business, always business. As to religion, Mr. Marshall says it is good policy to go to church on Sunday, so the two go together, but I do not know how I persuaded Jim to make his last Easter duty. Pray for him, Jack. Advice to him amounts to nothing, but you can ask God to save his heart from becoming absolutely hardened.

"Jim has refused to accompany me to your Ordination next December, but I will be there if we return from the West in time. Soon we shall be calling you Father Jack. God grant many a pagan soul may learn of Him through you.

"Your loving sister,  
"MAY ELLEN."

May Ellen's letter told volumes. Mr. Marshall, in fear lest he should lose the second Kennedy, had used all his skill to direct Jim into the money world.

Mr. Marshall, Jim, and May Ellen went west. They examined all the mining operations above ground and heard all the details of the workings. But Jim wanted to see the vein — the real silver in the living rock. Mr. Marshall finally consented, though the conditions in this mine were fearful. The task of reaching the metal had been herculean. A great underground stream had had to be led into a monster aqueduct; the bed rock was terribly hard and the depth of the vein such that the Chinese coolies had to be put on six hour shifts to keep them from failing under the strain.

Jim went down to the very depths of the mine. He saw a gang of coolies under a few skilled hands who towered above the Chinamen and bellowed at them remorselessly. They were working the vein — a wide, though not very thick, and almost vertical sandwich of ore, extraordinarily pure, it was said. Curious instruments prepared for the blasting, after which small iron cars on narrow-gauge tracks carried the ore to the main shaft, whence it went to the surface. Other cars brought down the

BOYS! Have you read  
*Field Afar Stories, or*  
*Field Afar Tales?*

These books will interest you immensely. Either will be sent post-paid to your address for sixty cents or for three new subscriptions to *The Field Afar*.



necessary blasting charges, which the men handled with extreme carelessness, Jim thought. As the shaft was deepened massive props were erected to prevent any weak spots in the wall from giving way.

Jim was fascinated. He watched every worker, noting his duty and how he did it. Most of the men were Chinese. Dirtily clad, as they hurried around with short, quick steps they reminded Jim more of rats than of men, and their blabber was disgusting. He thought of Jack. It was too bad Jack —

Great guns! What was that? Jim heard a terrific roar and felt a shock which threw him violently to the ground. The air resounded with deafening crashes and frightful screams. He raised his head, to find himself in darkness but for the small lamp of a nearby coolie, the passage in front and behind him filled with splintered props and rock from the walls.

An explosion had occurred, caused, it was found later, by a small boulder falling from the wall into a car of dynamite and carrying with it electric wires which crossed in a box of powder-fuses and ignited the cargo of the car. The props above Jim had not given way, and he and a terrified coolie were here apparently buried alive, not at all sure of many moments of life, for strange rumblings continued as the bowels of the mountains, so severely jolted, rearranged themselves.

Jim comprehended his predicament and turned to the coolie. This poor wretch was as one demented. His legs were crushed under a fallen prop, his face was convulsed with pain and fear, and he trembled horribly as he cried out in torment.

In vain Jim tried to move the mass that had fallen on the unfortunate creature. Men and tools were needed — and meanwhile, at any moment a worse catastrophe than the first might occur. Jim thought of death — and judgment. "Pray, man, pray!" he cried to the coolie; "pray to God Almighty to have mercy on us, for no one else can help us now!"

The coolie turned a tortured face and stopped for a moment the wild cries in his native tongue. "Play?" he cried, "I play to the joss, the great joss of O-zi! I play to all joss, I play to all devil, and they no hear! O Joss, I give you food! I

give you money!—everything, everything—O save me, Joss!”

Sick with horror and pity, Jim fell upon his knees. This poor heathen beside him was praying—but to the devil! And his own life had been so full of light and blessings, and what use had he made of all? The almost forgotten words of an act of contrition rose to his lips.

Then there was another crash, and the prop above the two gave way. There was a grinding roar and a heart-rending shriek from the Chinaman. The lamp smashed to the ground, but did not go out until Jim saw his companion prostrate, a great rock having crushed out his life. At the same time he felt sharp pain and crunching of bones as something fell upon his own legs. Death was at hand for him, too, he decided. He tried to finish his act of contrition but, overcome with horror and bodily sufferings, swooned into unconsciousness.

So he was found four hours later, when a rescue gang, urged to their utmost by Mr. Marshall's frantic appeals, reached the spot.

A pang of regret tempered Fr. John Kennedy's joy on his Ordination day. There was no one near and dear to him with whom he could share his great happiness; even May Ellen had not arrived.

And then as he left the chapel some one announced, "A lady and gentleman to see you."

Well, it was May Ellen—May Ellen—and Jim! Fr. Jack sprang down the steps, caught his sister in his arms, and wrung his brother's hand until Jim winced.

"Now, give us your blessing, Fr. Jack," May Ellen cried.

"Certainly,—and to you, too, Jim?"

"Of course!" There was almost reproach in Jim's voice.

"O, yes, Jim wants it, Jack—Fr. Jack. And Jim wants to tell you something, too."

"Yes, pard," Jim began, a little uncertainly, "you know the story of how I went down that mine and almost failed to come up again. Well, I met a fellow down there who actually did not come up and I have spent the last two months dreaming about him rushing into eternity with a prayer to the devil on his lips. I have been thinking ever since of a Chinaman's chance as regards salvation. So I have come to Maryknoll, and if they will accept me as a candidate here perhaps you and I can be 'partners' some day after all, and we can use Mr. Marshall's business principles to sell the Chinamen some shares in the kingdom of heaven."

Are you afraid of examinations? Some children in Hicksville, Long Island, have passed satisfactory ones "through the intercession of the Holy Family, St. Rita, and Blessed Theophane Vénard."

This letter from one of our Juniors tells what some altar boys (the *Holy Cross Juniors*) did for the foreign missions:

VERY REV. FATHER:

I am a boy twelve years old and treasurer of a society in our church composed of altar boys and called the "Holy Cross Juniors." Our pastor, Fr. Lehané, read to us from *THE FIELD AFAR* about the seminary at Nagasaki and how you could keep a student for the priesthood there for \$50, and now we have got it. Fr. Lehané desired I should write to you and ask you to forward the money for us.

Every Saturday at Catechism all the children chipped in and helped us, either by money which they earned or by their merit cards, which are worth money. Our Sunday-School teachers, the Sisters of Mercy, helped us a whole lot. We are going to keep it up and see if we can get another student.

Our pastor says that this year we must boost *THE FIELD AFAR*. I expect we will go out and get people to take your magazine. Father says they will do it to get rid of us. He says that by and by some of us may go to where *THE FIELD AFAR* comes from.

Very respectfully,

ALBERT ESLING.

Write to Father Chin and tell him your ideas about foreign missions and what can be done for them, even by the stay-at-homes.



The steamer on which our first Maryknoll Missioners sailed from San Francisco to China.

## The Pioneer's Log.

(In Vénard-Land.)

**T**RAINS are not numerous in Tongking but they start early, and we were up not long after four o'clock on Monday, so as to get through Mass and move towards Hanoi.

The railroad station is quite imposing and the car which we entered, fully the equal of European rolling stock, was divided into three classes, all connected by a corridor, with a lavatory and observation platform (without chairs). Missioners here usually travel in the third class, which, if not crowded, is almost as convenient as the others, lacking only cushions. There is a fourth class for the rank and file among the Annamites.

We were soon running through rice-fields of the delta, a fertile well-watered region that gives two crops of the precious grain every year, and I was agreeably surprised to find many churches around Haiphong itself, each dominating a little village. I hoped on my return to look into at least a few of them, but just now the foot-prints of Théopane Vénard were a chief concern and we had not gone many miles before the souvenirs of the Tongking martyrs began to assert themselves.

As our train stopped at a place called Hai-Duong Fr. Cothonay, directing my attention to what looked like a small cemetery with a substantial mortuary chapel, explained that three Dominicans were martyred on the spot where the chapel which contained their remains now stands. We had no time to alight and say a prayer at this shrine, but it awakened memories in Fr. Cothonay, who has made a close study of the martyrs of Tongking, a subject on which he loves to talk.

Among other incidents of the persecution period Fr. Cothonay referred to the martyrdom of Bac Ninh of 35 natives, priests and Christians, who were driven into a hole and buried, after which elephants were brought to tramp down the loose earth over them. It is recorded that on this occasion the elephants held back so persistently that the king ordered the animals to be killed. The Annamites, puzzled how to accomplish the task, did so finally with some cannon balls.

The martyred Christians were later disinterred and identified by their betel boxes,—which fact not only discloses how strong a hold the practise of chewing betel has upon the Annamites but proves that a habit rather disgusting to some human eyes does not necessarily keep a man from being a martyr in the sight of God. There seems to be hope, then, for the

canonization of even those who "loved the weed" in life.

At Hanoi, the city which we were approaching, Théopane Vénard was beheaded. Across the river that flows by Hanoi a long bridge of iron has been built and from this structure one can see approximately, not far from the bridge itself, the bank of earth on which was drawn up, February 2, 1861, a line of soldiers, backed by officials, elephants, and a host of people, among whom were some faithful Christians—all spectators of the martyrdom.

It was hard to realize as we passed out of the large and well-appointed railway station, into the bishop's modest little carriage, through paved streets and by impressive modern buildings, that Hanoi had been so recently stained by the blood of Christian martyrs.

Again evidence of spiritual fecundity was found in the mission enclosure, another *House of God* presided over by the venerable Bishop Gendreau of the Paris Society. A score of buildings, large and small, occupied, with the great church, a generous portion of land conveniently placed in the heart of the city, and here we met, in addition to the several priests of the establishment, a number of soldier-priests who have fortunately been retained in the colony. Bishop Gendreau lives in a small, poorly-furnished house, although preparations were far advanced a few years ago to give him better accommodations in an annex to a building used for priests' retreats and guests. This project has been held up and the foundation of the annex will remain, the venerable prelate says, for his successor to develop.

Fr. Duffy was at Hanoi and that afternoon, with Fr. Cothonay and Fr. Hébrard, one of the local priests, we traced as best we could the procession of which Théopane Vénard was the central figure, from the citadel through the gate to the river bank. It took but a few moments, as we were again in the bishop's carriage, and I could not but contrast our comfort with the young martyr, caged and anticipating in a few moments the stroke that would finish his earthly life.

The Chinese New Year was beginning, but, with the exception of occasional fire-cracker explosions, it seemed like Sunday. Everybody who had good clothes wore them. Stores were closed and no one, except a few rickshaw pullers, seemed to be working.

We were now within comparatively easy access of the village where Théopane Vénard was captured and after several inquiries we planned to combine this visit with one to Phuyli, further to the west, where, nearby at

**A MODERN MARTYR**  
**BLESSED THEOPHANE VEN-**  
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Keso, we could see the seminary of the flourishing vicariate.

The next morning, therefore, after Masses at five o'clock, we set out with Fr. Hébrard, having, as usual, a hazy anticipation of what experience the day would bring.

The railway line follows the main highway, and on either side of these two arteries of travel stretch acres of rice-fields, apparently without limit and with no other avenues of approach than the narrow dykes that separate them. The road on which we looked from the car window, improved today so as to accommodate the invading automobiles, was that along which Théopane Vénard was carried to Hanoi. When about an hour out we alighted at the station of Dong-van and took some rickshaws—decidedly shaky and shabby—which brought us along the railway line a few miles. Then we dismounted at a point from which there was no sign of habitation or cross-road. The rickshaw "boys," who had evidently done their best to get us to our destination, now studied a place of passage across the railroad ditch, and when they found it one remained to guard the precious vehicles while the other two accompanied us over the dykes. Rain of the previous night had turned the uneven clay into a juicy mud, over which we slipped with occasional narrow escapes from falls into the rice-paddies. From time to time we met passing natives but nearly all were celebrating the New Year "at home."

After going through several villages and over what seemed three miles of dykes, we came to the settlement of Ke-beo or Dong-bao—the object of our pilgrimage. We were not, of course, expected and as we entered the opening of bamboo trees, with which the little village like others here is surrounded, the surprised natives saluted and followed in our train to discover what it was all about. Fr. Hébrard's costume—an Annamite cassock and a helmet hat—was familiar but the two strangers were doubtless a puzzle, arrayed as they were in raincoats and felt hats, with pantaloons pushed into their socks, and mud up to their ankles, not to mention a flame of red whiskers on the one or the not less remarkable omission of a beard on the other.

Fortunately for us, the two native

LOAN TO YOUR COUNTRY AND GIVE TO GOD.

priests who administer from this centre to a large district were at home for the holidays and when we discovered that we would not occasion starvation to them we decided to stay for lunch. We were seated in places of honor within the walls of the presbytery—a single-room building with large openings on one side—and the entire village gathered for silent observations. Tea was soon before us, with a box of little cigars made in the neighborhood. Receptacles of rough brass formed like small cuspidores were also provided on the table, and we were offered some betel leaf mixed with lime for a "chew" before lunch. We dissected the combination, to the amusement of the spectators, but waited until we got outside before we tried the stuff—and the test was brief.

As the native priests were most anxious to give us every possible honor they asked if, before seeing the spot where Théopane Vénard was captured, we would accept a New Year's salutation from the villagers. Our modesty—or lack of it, if you will—would not permit us to refuse and in less than ten minutes a program had begun that could hardly have been better with long preparation.

Musicians (sic) were in the lead, with instruments such as I had never seen nor heard. Behind them came the elders of the village, with boys carrying two immense umbrellas, and behind these, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, babies and barking dogs. The native priests were busy keeping the crowd away from the opening, along which straw mats were being spread for the ceremony, which consisted of a speech from the leading man, who, when it was over, knelt with the other elders and made solemn bows. The women did likewise, after the "leading lady" had uttered a few words, and in the meantime Fr. Duffy and I looked wise, as if we understood it all quite as well as our companion and guide. Then a choice lot of fire-crackers was set off and the musicians started the procession, in which everybody joined.

With our socks still outside of our pantaloons, and our boots yellow with mud, we, the notables, stepped under the canopy of the mandarins and solemnly proceeded. We visited first the little church, Annamite in its construction, especially the interior, which is quite rich in lacquered work. From there we continued over a pathway of rocks until, after a few moments, we turned into a neat little corner of the village and stood before a typical Annamite hut—long, low and dark, not unlike the house of the priest. These huts are built, as a rule, of clay, hardened in the sun and covered with thatch. They have openings only at

the front and are without either windows or doors. A straw matting usually gives what privacy is desired and a few bars across the opening will keep out soft-stepping pilferers.

Such houses do not stand for many years, and that in which Théopane Vénard was hiding when arrested has disappeared, but the type has not changed, and the exact site on which the house stood has been marked with a slab bearing under the monogram of Christ, some Annamite inscriptions and these words:

*Hic Beatus Théophanus Vénard a Persecutoribus captus est.*

*XXX Nov. A. D. MCDDDLX.*  
(Here the Blessed Théopane Vénard was captured by his persecutors. Nov. 30, 1860)

At this juncture we decided to take a few photographs, a trying operation in more senses than one. The Annamites, like all children of the Orient, become intensely interested in the make-up of a camera. They are at the same time, especially if free from superstition in regard to being photographed, anxious to be taken. Between these two desires the operator is at his wits' end unless he knows the language. The Annamite parish priests settled our trouble by the use of a switch, which the youngsters evidently recognized as an old but undesirable friend. They also managed with considerable difficulty to extricate a poor wrinkled old woman who had ministered to the wants of our young martyr while he remained hidden, and to group around her the numerous

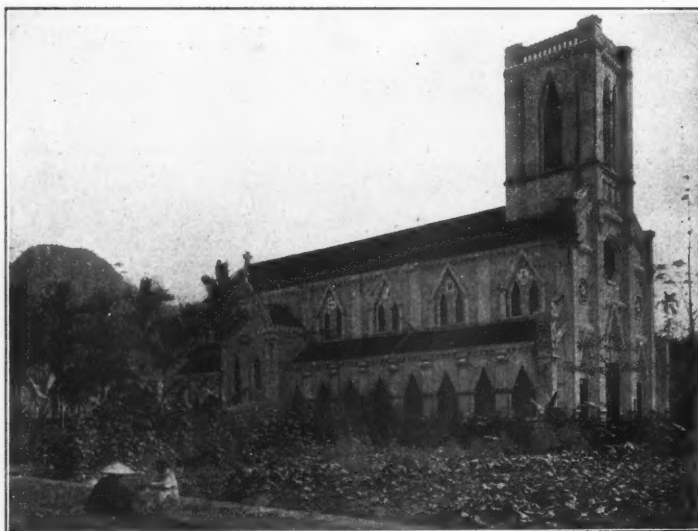


A TYPICAL RAILWAY STATION IN TONGKING.

relatives of the family who, at the risk of their own lives, had provided shelter for him. When the camera was closed the procession formed again and we went back to the rectory for lunch.

Our hosts did not share this meal with us and the congregation did not return to their homes for the noon-day repast, because these people have no such institution. Twice a day they get at their rice and fixings, if they are fortunate enough to have a supply, and with these rations they are so satisfied that they could watch us eat with positive enjoyment and without a temptation to envy.

So while we lunched the Annamite priests saw to it that the best they had should be set before us with the



AN EXAMPLE OF CHURCH-BUILDING IN TONGKING.  
(Photograph sent by Fr. Martin.)

OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING OUR BATTLES.



least possible delay, and the people crowded again around the opening to enjoy the "movies." We gave a splendid exhibition and Fr. Duffy, who is not naturally inclined to pay compliments, marvelled at the skill I had acquired in pushing rice with a pair of chop-sticks.

I don't remember what we had but it was a plentiful supply, including fowl, vegetables, rice cakes, and even home-made candy,—all of which we ate with a relish.

Like every performance, however, this came to an end, much to the regret of the spectators, who compelled us to "go away slowly." Before doing so, however, I managed at the church to get a small souvenir for the Vénard School from the parist priest, to whom I promised in return a statue of the martyr. The children stayed with us the longest, following as closely as they could in their little bare feet over the rough and slippery dykes and cheering us every few moments. Again the contrast came home to me between our exit from this little village and that of Théophane Vénard. We were cheered by friends and he was hooted by enemies. And yet his gayety, I recalled, had been unsubdued, for he was the kind that goes singing to death.

The rickshaws were ready when we arrived and our little men trotted westward again, prepared to cover five miles—barefooted at that. We dismounted occasionally and walked, so as to give them relief, although Fr. Hébrard assured me that they were very much contented to drag us all the way. I have been in rickshaws scores of times now but I never feel at ease with a man pulling me on an uphill grade or for a very long distance, so that I was especially glad when we reached the parish of Phuyli and paid off our trotters.

At Phuyli, where I expected to find a few huts, there were again respectable streets, some European houses, and a substantial church that would do credit to any large town of the United States. The pastor was "at home" on the verandah of a simple structure, receiving New Year's gifts from his parishioners, who were squatted on the ground chewing betel and chatting with Father.

The Father's helmet shaded a pair of keen eyes and a grizzly beard—not to enumerate other features—and he asked questions until he felt that he had grasped the purpose of my appearance in this part of the world, after which he shot more questions at Fr. Duffy. When the interview was over and a cup of tea disposed of, this thoughtful man, taking another survey of us, discovered the shocking

condition of our shoes and set two boys to work at them before he would let us go.

We had yet some miles to travel before reaching the seminary at Ke-so, our destination for the night, and when our visit to the church was completed we secured three local rickshaws, arriving at Ke-so before sunset.

Ke-so lies off the main road, near a range of mountains that runs through Tongking into China. These mountains of lime-stone, grotesque in form and filled with caves, provide an explanation for the establishment of the mission and seminary at this somewhat inconvenient site. The mission of Ke-so was started immediately after the persecution in which Théophane Vénard and other priests from the Paris Seminary were martyred, and as the times were yet perilous it was thought best to place it near the mountains, where retreat was possible with a fair chance of security in the caves. Gradually the mission developed, until it became an imposing centre, too costly to think of transplanting near the railway.

We had left the turn-pike and were running towards the mountain range about twenty minutes, when, as we emerged from a shaded spot, we saw the towers of a large church rising above an extensive village which we soon reached.

This church, where the coadjutor bishop, Mgr. Bigolet, makes his headquarters, is quite as massive as an ordinary cathedral. It is roughly constructed on the outside, but solid and durable, and should hold two thousand Annamites.

Bishop Bigolet was very cordial and lost no time when he realized that we would leave in the morning, so that under his direction we at once inspected this *House of God*—a surprisingly large establishment, covering many acres and including at least twenty buildings. The personnel was made up of ten French priests, eight native priests serving the surrounding villages, sixty seminarians, thirty brothers, forty catechists, twenty little aspirants from the parish, and some thirty domestics or farm workers. Besides this large community, there was nearby a hospital conducted by three Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres and a house of eighty-five Annamite Sisters, known as *Amantes de la Croix* (lovers of the Cross).

We finished the inspection just in time for Benediction, which was attended by a large congregation. At its close, on the way to the refectory, all the members of the House of God assembled before the statue of Our

If you thought the life of a Maryknoll missionary depended upon you, you would have sent a "personal support" offering before now. His life does depend upon you—(or some one else). One hundred dollars will keep him in the land of the living for six months; two hundred will provide him with the necessities of life for a year.

Blessed Lady at a little Lourdes Grotto where the *Ave Maris Stella* was chanted alternately by priests and seminarians.

The still young Bishop stood in the centre that evening and as I looked at him, surrounded by his faithful priests, there came home to me with an unusual impressiveness the thought of all the sacrifices that had been made here in the Far East by men and women of the West for the conversion of souls. Yet from no one of them had I heard a word of complaint, or the expression of a longing to return to his native land. In the eyes of those who do not know them the children of the Orient are a negligible quantity, but to one who sees the image of God in every man and who knows that God wishes all men to be saved the exile's sacrifice is worth while—and it brings its consolations even here below.

I would gladly have prolonged my stay at Ke-so, but our schedule said no and we were up shortly after four o'clock the next morning—Ash Wednesday—for the journey back to Hanoi.

Our rickshaw men stayed over night in some corner and were waiting for us after Mass. They were fresh and ran well on a fairly level road, bringing us back to Phuyli just as our train was pulling in from the west. Here we said good-bye to Fr. Gavan Duffy, who after two years' absence from his mission was returning to India.

Fr. Hébrard and I settled down to a couple of hours' ride, and as we looked out into the unoccupied fields we realized that the Chinese New Year had not yet passed. The oxen, like their masters, were asleep or standing idle. Children were riding on the backs of some, and on one a boy was stretched at full length fast asleep, with a coverlet of straw protecting his back from a fine drizzling rain. Pagodas looked out at us coldly from under the great trees whose shelter they so often seek, and crosses from distant steeples warmed our hearts with the reflection that the sacrifices of Christ and of His followers have not been in vain in this distant land.

As we slowed down at the stations

WE STAY-AT-HOMES MUST BACK THEM.



we could invariably notice people passing along the road laden with little packages of paper supposed to represent money, which they were bringing to the temples to be burned so as to provide the wherewithal for the worshipful souls of their ancestors. I also remarked designs in chalk before the doors of houses, figures which my companion told me were drawn to keep the devil patient; because these pagans live in a world of superstitions which they meet and note with dread at every turn.

The Tongkingese, however, is not always worrying about his gods or his devils. He has other pre-occupations, which include his clothing, on which, if he can afford it, and even when he cannot, he is quite willing to spend a considerable proportion of his year's earnings. A typical pair of well-dressed country sports sat opposite us on this return trip and I took observations from toe to top, with the following result:

*Socks—Sage green.*

*Trousers—White cotton, very wide.*

*Shoes—Patent leather, easily kicked off, as on this occasion, for greater comfort.*

*Coats—Outside, of embroidered silk, lined with light blue and fastened with gold buttons at the neck; inside two coats of bright colors, similar in form to the outside, the flaps being adroitly turned so as to disclose the possession of both.*

*Head-gear—Black silk turban.*

One youth also displayed occasionally under the outside coat a belt of pig-skin, in which he kept his purse and cigarettes, and he was quite up-to-date, with unblacked teeth and the latest magazine on Annamite production.

We arrived at Hanoi that morning, Tuesday, Feb. 12, early enough to give me an opportunity to visit Fr. Aubert, whose sister is the Superioress of a convent school near Boston. On the electric car that brought us to his mission we met a white-gloved mandarin from the north of Tongking, whose French was quite as correct as his dress—and this was saying much—but whose little wife, with a black mouth and rather stupid expression, did not apparently add much to the glory of her consort. On this occasion, becoming weary of listening to a strange tongue, she removed her slippers, folded her feet under her, and took a nap.

Fr. Aubert has the "best parish in the diocese," with two solid churches almost in view of each other, a substantial residence, many out-missions, and a staff of native clergy.

I saw the interior of one church. It was not rich, but it gave evidence of a prosperity that speaks much for the generosity of the people. In some

parts of Tongking where there are wealthy Catholics the church interiors are, I was told, rich in lacquer and gold.

I am beginning to realize that some Catholic missions of the Far East are no new undertakings and that Catholic life has so advanced as to make greater developments yet possible with proper direction, constant zeal, and the co-operation of the faithful on the missions themselves.

Greater results could have been accomplished in Indio-China had the means of propaganda been more generously supplied, and one French priest with whom I spoke expressed his conviction that if the French government had seen its way to help the Church in her evangelization all of Tongking would now be Catholic.

Tongking is a field, I may add, which Protestantism has hardly attempted to invade.

We returned for lunch to Bishop Gendreau's where Fr. Cothonay was awaiting us; but before leaving for Langson at two o'clock I had an opportunity to chat with Fr. Martin, a missionary from a neighboring vicariate, who has been here thirty-four years and who had a personal acquaintance with fellow-sufferers of Théophane Vénard. Among these was a Confessor of the Faith, Fr. Matheron, who died in 1895 from leprosy contracted during his prison confinement.

Fr. Matheron had been kept in a cage for sixteen months during the persecution and was just about to be put to death when the French troops arrived. When taken from his prison, where he had always maintained a sitting posture, he was covered with vermin and his hands were bent as with palsied old age. He discovered soon afterwards signs of leprosy, and, urged by his Superiors, sought a cure at Lourdes.

His stay in France was limited to a few weeks, at his own suggestion, and after a trial at Lourdes, concluding that the Blessed Virgin did not think it best to intercede for him, he returned to his mission, settling down near Ke-so in a little village, where he was nursed until death by an old catechist.

Speaking of Fr. Matheron's last moments, Fr. Martin, who was present, told me that several of the confrères standing about his bed-side had in turn suggested useful and elevating thoughts, telling him that the end would soon come, that he would be with God, that they would be praying for him and would offer Masses for his soul. Suddenly the old priest's eyes lighted as with fire, and with a strong voice he uttered the names of those who had suffered with him during the persecution:

*Rétord—Vénard—Bonnard—Schoefler—Ah! bientôt nous allons rire ensemble! (Ah, soon we shall be laughing together!)*

How simply do faith and charity meet hope in the going out of a truly Christian soul!

### What Others Say.

We can do without sugar, but never without THE FIELD AFAR.

THE FIELD AFAR receives much favorable comment from my patients, who read it in my waiting room.

Everything about THE FIELD AFAR appeals to me, not only the reading matter, but the paper, the printing, and all. It shows thought and taste.

I forward my copy of THE FIELD AFAR to the soldiers, for the articles are too valuable to be confined to subscribers only.

THE FIELD AFAR is like a ray of sunshine coming into our home and we look for it eagerly every month.

I should not wish to be deprived of that kind smile for anything. Hope it will be permanent.

Allow me to say that I derive great profit from reading your excellent mission paper. It is a tonic for both body and soul—instructive as well as entertaining. More power to you!

Not for worlds would I give up THE FIELD AFAR. Aside from the happiness of feeling that one is helping the mission cause, this bright little paper gives too salutary a result to be done away with.

Not fear of King Bono, but the more terrifying fact that no cheery FIELD AFAR will appear in my mailbox, inspired me to send this dollar for the renewal of my subscription.

I should miss THE FIELD AFAR more than any other paper that comes to the house, even though the reading of it gives me a new pang each time because I cannot do more to help.

Your incomparable FIELD AFAR is one of our most welcome periodicals and its monthly visit is always anxiously awaited. I hope before long to be able to send you a few more names for your subscription list.

I have taken a great fancy to America and American Catholics since reading THE FIELD AFAR. There is a bright, wide, practical, generous spirit about it that appeals very much. (Dublin, Ireland.)

PLACE YOUR BONDS IN SAFE KEEPING,

### Maryknoll Chronicle.

NEW YORK stared at them, but they stood the trial and passed without arrest through Ossining to Maryknoll. They were three young missionaries, with beards that would have done credit to the patriarchs, who had come from the shadow of war-swept Europe across the Atlantic on their way to Mongolia.

Thirty days was the period of their passage, which included a glimpse of deadly mines, the Arctic Ocean, the Azores, and Newfoundland. They were glad to land in New York, and at Maryknoll they found the welcome that always awaits a foreign missionary.

These three priests are members of the Belgian Foreign Mission House at Scheut, near Brussels. They themselves are Hollanders but they made their studies at Louvain until driven out by war. Incidentally, they mentioned that today in Belgium a priest's cassock costs 1,000 francs (about \$200) and that even in Holland individual residents are allowed only a few ounces of meat each week.

At this writing the three "flying Dutchmen" are on the wing, over the Pacific. May they arrive safely—and may their beards never grow longer!

Fr. Vander Schueren, S.J., of St. Xavier's, Calcutta, was a welcome guest at Maryknoll during his stay in New York.

The Maryknoll family, spreading from Ossining through Scranton and San Francisco to China, now numbers over 100.

Priests .....17  
Students of Philosophy and Theology .....35  
Preparatory Students .....40  
Auxiliary Brothers .....10

Adding to these the indispensable Teresians, we have 132 on the roster, a goodly number that promises well.

The question that comes to most of our friends when they sum up the total is that very common and practical one—*How do you feed them?* And we answer—with knives, forks, chopsticks, and fingers.

Seriously, we don't worry very much on that score—perhaps not enough—because God is good to us, the fields yield generously under His care, the cattle and poultry give all that a reasonable man can expect, and the food commission helps those who help themselves.

Our real problem has been that of shelter. Unavoidable transportations set back the date for a finished boiler-house at the Vénard, into which new structure we had planned to stow quite comfortably two-score young aspirants to the apostolate, and we were faced with the alternative of an indefinite sentence for about sixteen in a heatless barn.

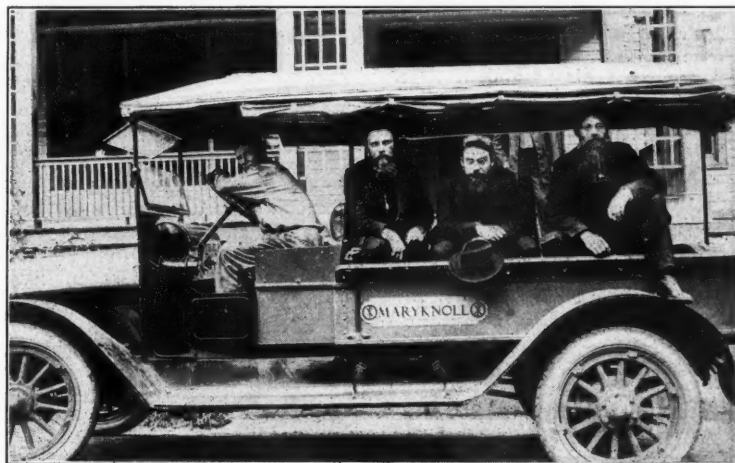
In the meantime we had been making a final addition to the pro-seminary at Ossining, so as to provide accommodation and to save building a permanent structure until the end of the war, if possible.

Keep a Maryknoll Mite-Box in sight. Place it, if you will near other silent beggars and let it run its chance. The Maryknoll Mite-Box believes in pushing over and making room.

The extra provision at the centre just met the needs of the Vénard, and as a result the two senior Vénard classes occupy this year the best quarters at Maryknoll, where they share with the auxiliary brothers the transformed barn now known and admired as St. Joseph's. Here they have their own professors, their recreation and classrooms, everything needful in fact, except drinking water, for which they do not have to go as far as they will when they get to China.

Philosophers and theologians, if we may so designate students of those exalted sciences, have had to crowd over to make room; but every man at Maryknoll is supposed to have the knack and good will to adapt himself to any and all kinds of living quarters and crowded conditions. This is no place for a fussy student. Besides, in China a jam is the thing.

As a consequence of the move to Maryknoll all the Vénard, even



FLYING DUTCHMEN EN ROUTE TO MONGOLIA.  
("With beards that would have done credit to the patriarchs.")

AND REMEMBER THAT MARYKNOLL IS SAFE.

the hens, pigs, and cows, are breathing more freely. With two classes removed there are about as many students as last year, but the faculty is not so formidable.

Again, however, the old farmhouse with its substantial ell and cozy chapel is, as the reporters in daily newspapers say, "taxed to the utmost." But at the Vénard hope is always on the horizon.

The boiler house—an utterly unworthy name—of the new Vénard is rising to its roof, and while no Christmas evergreen will hang in its windows it bids fair to promise an opening before the year 1919 is far advanced.

Mother Maryknoll does not expect her young offspring to pay for the new structure, although it will probably be better and bigger than anything she has for herself. But she is counting on Liberty Bonds and War Savings and Thrift Stamps to prove that in these war days Catholics can combine patriotism and faith for the extension of the kingdom of God.

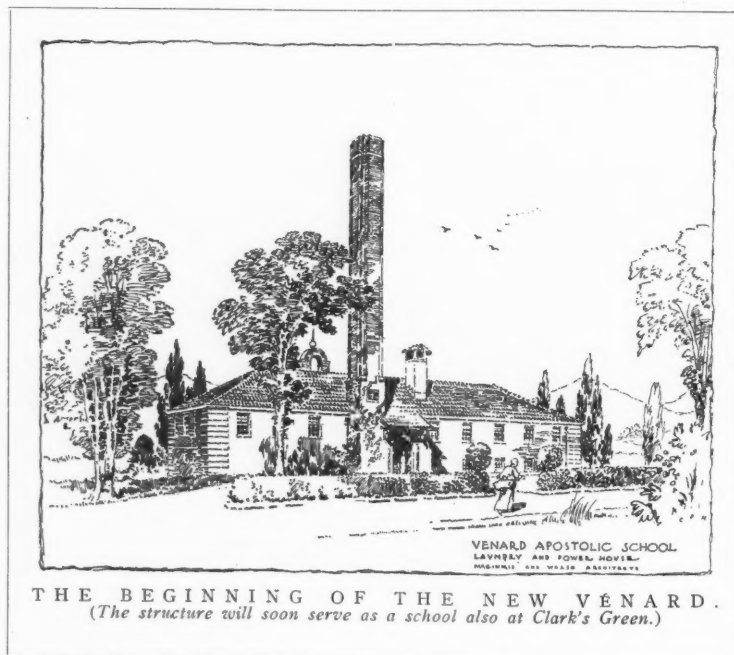
Maryknoll now has its desire partially realized, in a representation from the Golden Gate. A young San Franciscan left his home in early September and is now on the lengthening roster of American aspirant apostles.

#### PRIEST-FRIENDS.

TO some one we are indebted for a missal in memory of Rev. William Casey. The missal is not a recent one but is very welcome, as would others be, for our altars are multiplying.

From the Philadelphia office of the S. P. F. came these words:

The FIELD AFAR has just come. It is like a good, old friend who is always sure of a real welcome, no matter how busy the moment of his arrival. As usual, a "recess" was immediately declared and affairs of state temporarily forgotten.



The month's mail bags were light at times, but our priest-friends came to the rescue.

Through the will of Fr. Boucher of Massachusetts, a final payment of \$704.50 was received for the Chinese mission. Another will yielded \$161.91. A Massachusetts priest sent a \$1,500 annuity, which later will benefit and even now helps to secure Maryknoll. Priests in Missouri, New York, Indiana and Connecticut sent fifty-dollar offerings.

One of our priest-friends, who evidently reads this paper with his best glasses on, asks us to explain to the local undertaker of his town why, in a recent issue, we levelled such a shot at the high cost of funerals!

He refers to the suggestion that enough could often be spared from unnecessary funeral expenses to provide a Perpetual Membership for the deceased.

The shot seems to have made a noise, but as the undertaker's name remains on our list we are

quite satisfied. Perhaps the undertaker will think of the recommendation when preparing for his own funeral.

From Batavia, Illinois, comes this letter with \$50 for the education of a native seminarian in the diocese of Nagasaki, Japan:

The kiddies in catechism classes took to the idea of keeping a student for the priesthood as ducklings take to water. I often read to them or tell them the contents of THE FIELD AFAR and the interest they manifest is certainly flattering to you. God grant that some of the future laborers for the vineyard may be chosen from this little flock!

Under the compelling idea of "getting" another student, some of the high financiers suggested—no, clamored for, fought for!—investing \$12.50 of their own funds in a waste-paper baler. I have an idea that parents must look sharp to have waste paper to start fires this winter!

Do not for the present go to the expense of buying chalices for Maryknoll.

Several priest-friends have given us their extra ones for our new Mission and we have received others from the estates of deceased priests.

"EVERYBODY WELCOME AND EVERYTHING FREE"

### Maryknoll-in-China.

**L**AND—Yeong-kong is sighted! Now don't forget that Yeong-kong (call it *Young-kong* if you will) is to be one of the Maryknoll mission centres, and that until recently it has been in such a disturbed condition that an ordinary white man could not get near it.



FR. GAUTHIER AND HIS BUCKET OF RICE.

But now our first letter from Yeong-kong has arrived—

*Fr. Gauthier has landed.*

Call him Father *Goatee* if you will but remember that he is just now of the Maryknoll Mission, at its service through the courtesy of the Bishop of Canton and happy to be of use to the young Americans. He writes under date of July 15th.

DEAR FR. WALSH:

I am late in answering your letter but I made up my mind to write from Yeong-kong, which for a long time I have been trying to get to.

After my last trip to your place in Lo-ting I wound up in the sanatorium at Hongkong. You know I am not so young as I used to be.

Eight days after I left there I managed to get a junk for Yeong-kong.

I found it at Kong-Moon (which you will remember) and it was packed. Had others been with me they could not have gotten aboard. I think that when you men arrive we will have to hire a sail-boat at Hong-kong, especially if they have much baggage—and they will need many things which they cannot get here.

I found the little remnant of Catholics here in the town quite upset as a

result of the war, and outside in the country district still disturbed by brigands. These thoughtful "gentlemen" managed to pick up quite a few rifles and a good stock of ammunition left around by the fleeing armies and they have been busy ever since, but that can't last.

The mandarins here have called on Canton for help and I hope that by the time your men arrive everything will be quiet.

The missionaries' house is quite good and large enough for two priests. It is well ventilated and the well-water is pure, although a French priest would not mind if it were mixed with a little grape-juice.

Every morning there are about twenty persons at Mass and nearly forty on Sunday. The catechist teaches every day.

Two villages, one of more than a hundred and the other two hundred souls, are asking for instructions, but in each place, if we accept the invitation, it will be necessary to build a small oratory which will serve also as a school, and to establish a catechist—better still if we could have two, a man and a woman. You know how customs are in this country and that if we wish to get the women we must have women catechists.

So tell your missionaries—if you can catch them as they come eastward—that there is work ahead for them; and, I may add, some disappointments, but with zeal and the love of God they will come "over the top."

My best wishes to all at Maryknoll. Remember that I belong to the family.

—A. Gauthier.

An encouraging line comes from Lo-ting (a northern center of the Maryknoll Mission) that our catechist has rounded up eighty well-disposed Chinese whom he is instructing.

Fr. Fraser arrived at Vancouver from the Far East early in August. He was accompanied by a French priest with whom he plans to begin, in Canada, a special work for foreign missions. Though associated with the Maryknoll Mission only a few months, Fr. Fraser rendered excellent service, visiting a portion of the district, noting conditions, and taking photographs.



THE MARYKNOLL

MISSION CIRCLES.

**T**HE Maryknoll Mission Circles are preparing for a year of vigorous activity along the line of mission effort. Their formation and work is simple, yet the aid, spiritual and material, which they give to the mission cause is great.

A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of women who meet to work and pray for Maryknoll and the foreign missions. It is a club which combines duty and pleasure, for it is based on the realization that all have a share in the responsibility of fulfilling the message of Christ, "Going, teach all nations." One of its fundamental principles is that of sacrifice—sacrifice of a part of time and money which would otherwise be devoted to personal pleasure. Each member also promises a daily prayer for the cause of foreign missions.

The members, varying in number from five to twenty-five, meet monthly. Circle business is attended to, stories or topics relative to mission needs are read and discussed, and some work for Maryknoll—generally sewing—is done. Occasionally somewhat larger social affairs are planned, and all that have been held so far have been unusually successful.

Besides the general aim common to all Maryknoll Circles, each Circle may have a particular line of activity. The collection of cancelled stamps and tinfoil and old jewelry, the spread of THE FIELD AFAR as a means to arouse mission interest, the distribution of mite boxes, the sewing of household or altar linens for the Seminary at Maryknoll or the Maryknoll Mission in Kwangtung, China, are some of the particular activities. Monthly dues of five or ten cents are ap-

WHEN THE PEOPLE GIVE TO THE K. OF C.



plied to the education of a student at Maryknoll, or to any special Maryknoll fund in which the members are interested, or for associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society. The spiritual benefits of membership are applicable to the living or the dead.

During the summer months, when the regular activities were abandoned, we advised Circles to "talk Maryknoll." This is the response from one:

I have no difficulty in "talking Maryknoll" because as soon as I start everyone else wants to talk it, too!

Maryknoll Circles are getting in closer touch with the Circle Centre. Recently the members of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Circle, under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, spent one Sunday visiting the points of interest here on Sunset Hill. These fifteen High School girls are planning to continue their co-operation of last year. Every week they will generously give their time for clerical assistance to Maryknoll.

The vast treasure of spiritual aid which Circle members give to the work of Maryknoll will surely bring untold blessings into their own lives. From Brookline, Massachusetts, a Circle under the patronage of Mary, Queen of Apostles, sends these spiritual gifts to our departing missionaries:

Masses .....	105
Holy Communions .....	105
Spiritual Communions .....	420
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament..	235
Visits in honor of the Blessed Virgin .....	235
Benedictions .....	200
Rosaries .....	250
Litanies .....	270
Acts of mortification.....	360
Hours of Adoration.....	54
Stations of the Cross.....	150
Ejaculations .....	1400
Hours of labor.....	700

Until the end of the war all tin-foil given to Maryknoll will hereafter be devoted to the needs of the Red Cross.

#### STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A Burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

<b>MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).</b>	
Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000
Blessed Sacrament Burse .....	5,000
St. Willibrord Burse.....*	5,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fr. Elias Younan Burse .....	5,000
Mary. Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse..	5,000
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000
Father B. Burse .....	*6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse....	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	5,000
St. Teresa Burse.....	†5,006
C. W. B. L. Burse.....	5,302.60

<b>MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).</b>	
Abp. John J. Williams Burse...*	\$5,279.21
St. Joseph Burse .....	3,349.07
All Souls Burse .....	3,281.84
Cheverus Centennial School Burse .....	3,199.12
Fall River Diocese Burse .....	2,680.05
Holy Ghost Burse .....	2,526.19
Cure of Ars Burse .....	2,325.81
St. Columba Burse .....	2,197.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	†2,034.89
Our Sunday Visitor Burse ...	2,000.00
St. Patrick Burse .....	1,922.20
Bl. Julia Billiard Burse .....	1,820.79
Pius X. Burse .....	1,581.00
St. Anthony Burse .....	1,296.60
Precious Blood Burse .....	1,246.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse .....	1,241.81
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse ..	1,196.00
St. Anne Burse .....	1,095.72
St. Dominic Burse .....	1,093.07
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse ..	1,103.37
Holy Eucharist Burse .....	1,013.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse ..	1,008.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse .....	912.86
St. John the Baptist Burse ...	584.33
St. Francis of Assisi Burse...	524.55
Our Lady of Mercy Burse ...	516.04
Bl. Margaret Mary Burse .....	516.00
Dunwoodie Burse .....	428.70
St. Stephen Burse .....	352.00
Bl. M. Sophie Barat Burse....	336.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse...	307.20
Holy Family Burse .....	255.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse .....	249.51
St. Lawrence Burse .....	238.75
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse .....	217.40
St. Rita Burse .....	216.85
Immaculate Conception Burse	172.58
St. Agnes Burse .....	166.82
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse...	161.00
St. Boniface Burse .....	154.40
Children of Mary Burse .....	116.00
All Saints Burse .....	102.00
Trinity Wekanduit Burse ....	100.00

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

<b>THE VENARD BURSES (Incomplete).</b>	
Little Flower Burse .....	\$2,673.49
Blessed Sacrament Burse .....	1,604.94
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse...	1,422.00
C. Burse .....	710.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse ..	274.00
St. Aloysius Burse .....	140.00

\* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.

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Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

#### RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Stole; oil case; altar linens; books; used vestments; monstrance, censer, sanctuary lamp; sick-call burse; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from Pa., Md., R. I., N. Y., Conn., Ga., N. J., Newfoundland; old gold and jewelry from N. Y. and Pa.

#### NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

**Living**—Rev. Friend; E. C.; Mrs. J. T. L.; C. D. W.; C. J. B.; F. C.; J. H. McA.; E. C. M.; M. L. H.; M. McM.

**Deceased**—Stanley M. Hollis; Thos. and Maria Grady; Michael and Elizabeth Conlin; Rev. Michael J. Supple; Mrs. Philomena Sirois; Mrs. Dorsey; William and Julia Harris; Mrs. M. Carmela; Mme. Agnes MacVeigh, R. S. H.

One of our zealous students returned from a four-weeks vacation with \$1,200, which he had succeeded in gathering for the Fall River Diocese Burse. Pastors helped him, and encouraged their good workers to organize twelve efficient teams which in a short period started up several activities, including a very successful whist party at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

#### SAY a prayer, please, for the souls of:

Rev. P. J. Lynett	Lieut. John Doherty
Rev. J. Fitzsimmons	Patrick Donnelly
Sr. M. George	Frank Donnelly
Sr. M. Amata	John Donnelly
Sr. M. Austin	James Dunphy
Wm. A. Purcell	Mary J. Kelly
Maria Grady	Frederick Murphy
Walter Spearing	Katherine Finn
Teresa Symth	Mary A. O'Donnell

We ask a special remembrance for the soul of Sr. Mary Austin, of Frederick, Maryland, a nun of the Visitation, to whose initiative we owe the foundation of the Blessed Margaret Mary Burse.

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AT  
YFONG-KONG.

*Well, John, here  
is looking at you!  
We have been  
waiting for these  
Americans a long  
time, but Fr.  
Gauthier says  
they'll be here  
soon. I wonder if  
they will wear  
whiskers and  
drink tea.*

In response to the desire of the Government, we will save paper by omitting for the present the cover of The Field Afar, beginning next month.

#### A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN

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